

The Times' Daily Short Story.

The Mysterious Axman.

[Original.]

It was a long suit that settled the ownership of the wood lying between the Scarsdales and the Kirchoffs, and even then the decision of the court left the ownership of the timber on the property uncertain. The Scarsdales gained the land, a title to which would in law include the timber, but a Kirchoff had at one time held a bill of sale for the wood, and when the decision came the Kirchoff against whom it was rendered declared that no Scarsdale should ever carry away a stick of wood from the property. He died soon after making the threat, and Thomas Scarsdale considered that he might take peaceable possession of both land and timber. However, there was no occasion to cut the wood, and no move was made to do so for many years. Indeed the property remained as it was till Howard Scarsdale became engaged to Elsie Kirchoff. Then Howard concluded to build a house for himself and the girl he was to marry in the center of the woods. Before beginning he sold the timber to make way for the house to a man who was to take it away.

The first tree cut down fell on one of the men engaged in the work and killed him. Then when it had been sawed into logs and they were being removed from the property a chain broke, a log rolled down on a man, and another life was sacrificed. Somebody spoke of the threat of the Kirchoff who had lost the suit, and that ended for the time any attempt to remove the timber, for no one would undertake the job.

One night Elsie Kirchoff, who occupied the family home on the west edge of the wood, being awake, heard the sound of an ax which she fancied came from the spot where her fiancé had purchased to build their nest. The next day she told Howard of the circumstance. Howard insisted that she must have been mistaken. No one had been chopping in the wood. He made a personal examination, which confirmed what he had said. But Elsie remained firm in maintaining that she had heard an axman at work. Howard told her that she would soon hear axmen, for he had succeeded in securing a new gang of men for the purpose of taking away the timber.

The next day the body of a man was carried by Elsie Kirchoff's house. The bearers set the body down in front of the house to rest, and Elsie Kirchoff went out, leaned on the gate and asked what had been the cause of death. She was informed that a tree that had been partly felled by the first gang of men employed to cut the timber had fallen on the man and killed him. He was to have been the foreman of the new gang that Howard Scarsdale had employed.

The girl paled, gasped and went into the house. She sent immediately for her lover and implored him to take no further action in making the required clearing. Scarsdale considered the deaths simply a chapter of accidents, but he found Elsie in such a turmoil of emotion that to calm her he promised her that the whole matter should be indefinitely deferred.

Autumn was coming on, and he concluded to keep his promise till the next spring, when he would have the job done without saying anything to Elsie about it. Perhaps he could get her to be absent while it was done. He succeeded in doing this. Elsie went in May to visit a friend, but she had secretly settled herself in her friend's house when she experienced an irresistible desire to return. This she did the next day, reaching her home at bedtime.

Howard had his men ready to enter upon the work of making the clearing the next morning. Before breakfast he received a message from Elsie that she was at home and she wished him to come to her. Thinking she had been taken ill, he went to her immediately.

Without explaining her sudden return she asked quickly:

"Are you going to cut the wood?"

Howard tried for awhile to equivocate, but, seeing that she would have nothing but the truth, confessed.

"Stop it at once," she said excitedly.

"Go and forbid the men to strike a blow. Last night I heard the axman again. Oh, do go and stop them!"

While they were speaking there was a crash in the wood.

"Too late!" gasped Elsie.

Howard, impressed with something,

he knew not what, started to go to the wood. Elsie held him in a tight embrace. Hearing a shouting, he tore himself away. When he reached the point from which the trees came he found that the men had been at work long enough to fell a tree with a rotten core. It had fallen prematurely on one of the men, and the others were trying to pry it up so that they could get him out. When they succeeded he was dead.

This is the story they tell about the forest, which is still standing. Not a stick of timber has been removed. After the last accident, as Howard Scarsdale insisted on calling it, Elsie refused to marry him unless he would give up building on the property, and he complied, building elsewhere. If you go there and ask why a piece of property so desirable and surrounded by handsome dwellings remains vacant, they will tell you it is held for a high price. If you repeat this story to Howard Scarsdale, he will poolpooh the whole thing, but will admit that it is impossible to get the superstition out of a woman. As for Mrs. Elsie Scarsdale and the families of the men who lost their lives attempting to remove the timber, they are absolutely certain that the mysterious axman was none other than the Kirchoff who had made the threat.

HOPE HOPKINS.

BORROWED BOOKS.

The Way Their Return Pricked an Artist's Conscience.

In the course of some reminiscences of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette remarks: Those who are not "offended" by the paradoxes of Charles Lamb would have delighted in Burne-Jones' play of humor and imagination. Let me justify my reference to Charles Lamb.

I once returned to Burne-Jones some books which he had lent me thirty years before, writing to him to the effect that if it was hard to keep borrowed books so long it was herculean to return them after such long possession as might well breed the sense of ownership. In reply he said:

"The return of those books has simply staggered me. It has also pained me, for it seems to raise the standard of morality in these matters and perhaps to stiffen the susceptible consciences of book borrowers. I have many borrowed books on my shelves. I would rather the owners should die than that I should have to think about these things and return them. I have two costly volumes that were lent to me before that little incident of ours, which, you may remember, was in Red Lion square. I hope the owner is no more, for I simply will not give them up. And you have made me uneasy and have helped to turn an amiable rascal into a confirmed villain."

Corncrib Posts.

The common custom of setting corncribs upon posts with inverted pans at the top often falls because the posts are not long enough to insure that the lower cracks of the structure are beyond jumping reach of rats. The posts should project at least three feet above the surface of the ground.

He Didn't Throw It.

"Miss Pechla" said Mr. Timmid at the other end of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss I wonder what you'd say."

"Well," replied Miss Pechla, "I'd say you were the latest man I ever saw."

—Philadelphia Press.

Unedea

the

NATIONAL Biscuit

ELMER RYAN IS HELD

Alleged Accessory in Death of Kate Ryan

IMPORTANT LETTERS

Bearing on the Case Found in Young Woman's Trunk—The State Will Try to Prove That the Young Man Wrote Them.

Dover, N. H., Sept. 16.—Elmer E. Ryan of Lowell must face the grand jury of this county to answer to the charge of being an accessory before the fact in causing the death of Katherine Ryan, also of Lowell.

The acquaintance of the handsome young woman, who died at the home of Dr. Harry H. Stackpole, Aug. 23, and for whose death the doctor is held, was given a preliminary hearing in the police court Saturday morning.

The young traveling salesman's attorney, J. H. Bent of Lowell, made an application to Judge Pike of the Superior court Saturday afternoon to have his client released on bail.

Ryan's employee, the National Biscuit company, are understood to be ready to go on his bonds.

Dr. Stackpole was released Saturday on \$5,000 bail.

Certain letters found in Miss Ryan's trunk after her death, were written by the defendant was the contention of the state, at Saturday's hearing.

County Solicitor Hall had employed Professor Edmund R. Angel of Derry village, the handwriting expert, who testified that these letters and one known to have been of Ryan's authorship, were written by one and the same person. That was the only point the state introduced, except to show that Ryan had been the only visitor at the Lowell boarding house when Miss Ryan lived there. The defense offered no evidence.

RICH COPPER VEIN IN LEBANON, N. H.

Productive Streak Found and Old Miners Say There Is Future For Property.

Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 16.—Work is being pushed with good results on the copper property leased by F. W. Farnham of Vermont from Ernest Boni-hower. The vein has been traced for more than half a mile and five men are at work uncovering it as fast as possible. In places a depth of 30 feet has been reached and the showings are richer in copper the deeper the workings are carried.

The last assay showed 4 per cent. copper, which is better than the famous Elizabeth mine in Stratford, Vt., is showing. Manager Tyson of that property, after an examination, says "this is a great showing of copper." At a depth of 30 feet the main vein is three feet in width with a three inch streak of almost pure copper.

Already one car of ore has been sold to go to a smelting company in New York. A miner who has worked in Butte mines and many other copper camps in the West says: "If the property was in the vicinity of Butte the whole country for miles around would be staked."

It is but a short distance from the Boston & Maine railroad where a side track could be put in and with an aerial train the loading could be done at a nominal expense. Mr. Farnham thinks he has what will make a splendid producer.

FASHION FRILLS.

New Notions in Veils—New Cloths Are Fine and Smooth.

In veillings it is worth while knowing that the newest are cut off by the yard and are finished as one piece. They match the girdles and they also match the wide silk or ribbon stocks. In this way an excellent effect is produced—namely, that of having the entire costume correspond.

The new fall cloths, which are beginning to come in, are very fine, very smooth and quite thin. But their weight is no objection to them, as a thin cloth gown can always be lined, and when it comes to wearing qualities it keeps its shape as well as a heavy one. On the other hand, it really sits better, is more easily draped and handled and has the merit of making the figure look neater.

The circular plaited skirts, clearing the ground, worn with a three-quarter coat, have the preference in tailor makes.

Among the new materials the oblong check is a decided novelty in design. These checks are generally three-quarter



A SIMPLE GOWN—5764, 5725.

of an inch long with a combination of three colors so artistically carried out that the whole effect is of a subdued coloring which is extremely attractive.

Long sleeves with big puffs hanging over the elbow, familiar in the fashions of a few years ago, have been revived.

Among the advanced fashions for fall is shown a sleeve gathered a little full, but very flatter into a long shoul-der. It broadens a little as it descends toward the elbow and then suddenly clasps the arm closely and points over the finger.

The shirt waist gown illustrated is of white India linen with trimmings of embroidery. Heading the band cuffs and on either side of the center box plait on the waist is a ruffle of narrow val lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Gives Warning of a Storm.

In the bay of Biscay frequently during the autumn and winter in calm weather a heavy sea gets up and rolls in on the coast four and twenty hours before the gale which causes it arrives and of which it is the prelude. In this case the wave action, generated on the other side of the Atlantic by the wind, travels at a much greater rate than that of the body of disturbed air and thus gives warning of the coming storm.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Family Jar.

Wife—I don't know where that child got his vile temper from—not from me, I'm sure.

Husband (mildly)—No, my dear. You certainly haven't lost any of yours.

TRAIN KILLED J. W. GREGORY

Waitsfield Lawyer Killed at Winoski

EXPRESS CATCHES HIM

On the Bridge While He Was Taking Pictures—He Was Intent on Focusing His Camera on the Tracks.

Winoski, Sept. 16.—Taken unawares, J. W. Gregory, a prominent Waitsfield lawyer, was killed Saturday by a westbound Central Vermont passenger train, his mangled body being hurled 85 feet to the verge of the bridge at the Winoski river below the twin bridges.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory were visiting at the home of J. H. Jacobs in this village. He started this morning at 9 to take some pictures of the rugged scenery at the Winoski gorge, about two miles distant. Twin bridges span the river here at a great height, and Mr. Gregory had set up his apparatus at the further end of the first bridge to photograph the power plant of the Burlington light and power company.

Busy with his work, the roar of the torrent below and his focusing cloth shut out the noise of the approaching passenger train. He did not know of the danger until the engine was upon him.

A few terror-stricken people saw his body thrown nearly across the bridge and then dropped to the stream below. The mangled remains were recovered in about 20 minutes. It is believed he was killed instantly.

The selectmen and health officers of Winoski were notified and after viewing the body ordered it removed to the house of Mr. Jacobs, where it was prepared to be taken to Waitsfield for burial. Mr. Gregory was 55 years old. He is survived by a wife, father, Joseph Gregory, and brother, James Gregory, both of Williamstown.

PASTOR STARTLES SOCIETY.

Utica Clergyman Emulates Earle and Takes a "Love Bride."

Utica, N. Y., Sept. 16.—A serious breach among the clergymen of Utica, which has startled society, was disclosed Friday night when the Rev. William P. M. Sims, formerly of New York city, and Mrs. Ellen Burlingame Dudley Worn publicly declared their belief in freedom of love, heaven-made affinities and pre-natal marriages.

The case promises to become of even wider celebrity than that of Ferdinand Pinney Earle and Miss Julia Kuttner. Dr. Sims' attitude is as implacable as that of Earle. Veiled threats of ostracism uttered even from the pulpits have failed to move him, and earnest letters from the Rev. C. E. Miller and others of equal prominence in the Utica clergy have been powerless to influence the minister against his "love's bride," whose home he has made his own for the last three months.

The state of affairs caused by the actions of this strange couple, and which has been carefully guarded from general publicity, can be better realized when it is known that Mrs. Worn is a high officer of the King's Daughters and has held almost every office at the disposal of the Good Templars. She is a direct descendant of the old Puritan family of Burlingame—that being her maiden name—a family famous for more than half a century in Rhode Island.

A Thoughtful Policeman.

Policeman (holding down a tramp on sidewalk)—No damage, ma'am; he's merely having a fit.

Kind Lady—Gracious! Shall I get some water and throw it in his face?

Policeman—Do you want to kill him?

—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE SCRAP BOOK

What to Do When You Drop an Egg.

At a breakfast party in England which Joseph H. Choate attended while he was American ambassador a young lady at his right accidentally spilled the contents of her plate.

"Oh, Mr. Choate," she exclaimed, "I don't know what to do, for I've dropped an egg on the floor!"

"If I were you I'd cackle."

CALUMNY.

A whisper wove the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe,
Ahi! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

But not! A quick and eager ear caught up the little meaning sound. Another voice has breathed it clear. And so it wandered round. From ear to lip, from lip to ear. Until it reached a gentle heart. That throbbed from all the world apart. And that it broke!

—Frances Sargent Osgood.

A Remarkable Baby.

A teacher disturbed by giggling called upon one of the culprits to tell him the cause.

"Please, sir," responded the lad, "Turner says a baby who was fed elephant's milk gained ten pounds a day."

"Turner," said the teacher sternly, "you should not tell lies."

"But it's true, sir," rejoined Turner. "Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's, sir."

Kicked the Wrong Man.

A young married man in Boston met a friend of his bachelor days and insisted on his coming home with him to lunch. His wife was unprepared for visitors and, calling him aside, told him she had only one dozen oysters and that when his friend had eaten his quota of four he must not be asked to take any more. In spite of his promise to remember, when the guest had eaten his four the host pressed him to take more. The wife looked distressed, and the friend declined every time the husband asked.

Later the wife said to her husband: "How could you urge him to have more oysters when I had explained to you that there weren't any more?"

"I'm very sorry," said the penitent husband, "but I forgot all about it." "Forget about it! What do you suppose I was kicking you under the table for?"

As She Heard It.

A fashionable woman had a bit of statuary bearing the inscription "Kismet." A housemaid dusting the room asked the mistress:

"Shure, ma'am, what's the man'in' of the writin' on the bottom of this?"

"Oh, you mean 'Kismet.' It means 'fate.'"

Bridget was limping painfully when out with her sweetheart not long afterward and apologetically explained, "Faith, I have the most terrible corns on me kismet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Matter of Doctors.

"There were two sisters living in Michigan," said Senator Burrows, "who warred constantly about the two great schools of medicine. One planned her faith to allopathy and the other to homeopathy."

"One day there was great excitement in the family of the lady who believed



MILDRED HOLLAND

At the Opera House Tonight, in "A Paradise of Lies."



MISS JULIE FLORENCE WALSH

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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Miss J. F. Walsh, of 335 W. 30th St., New York City, writes:—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been of inestimable value in restoring my health. I suffered from female illness which caused dreadful headaches, dizziness, and fell pains in my back, but your medicine soon brought about a change in my general condition, built me up and made me perfectly well."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures Female Complaints, such as Backache, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and organic diseases. It is invaluable in preparing for child-birth and during the Change of Life. It cures Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, and invigorates the whole system.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.

in sympathy, and it was soon announced that she was the mother of bouncing twin boys.

"The other sister came down in a flurry. 'Well,' she said, 'now see what's happened. I wanted you to have a homeopathic doctor. After this I guess you will listen to me!'"

Agreeable Men.

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know, and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. In the driest summer days my garden fountain became disabled. The pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. The work dragged a little, as it is apt to do by the hour. Sometimes they would find upon arrival that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his companion would await his return with the most exemplary patience and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen and always willing to stop and talk about the job or anything else when I went near them. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of life. It is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety and little work. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. I never heard a plumber swear or exhibit the least impatience at any small vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!—Charles Dudley Warner.

Indignation Unexpressed.

A letter dictated by an old gentleman runs thus: "Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot express it, but you, being neither, can readily divine it."

Lamb With Mint Sauce.

"I was walking down an English lane with an English girl on an August afternoon," said Richard Le Gallienne. "The sun shone through a soft haze, and in the green fields many white lambs lay."

"Is it any wonder," I said, "that poets from time immemorial have made the lamb the emblem of innocence?" "The young girl smiled radiantly. "Lambs," she said, "are indeed delightful animals, especially with mint sauce!"

At Supper With the Legislators.

A drummer stopped at a hotel in Montpelier, Vt., when the legislature was in session. It was the headquarters of many legislators.

At the supper table they began to call upon each other to pass the food in this wise: "Will the man from Bradford please pass the rolls?" "Will the gentleman from Essex pass the pie?" "Would the man from Portland please pass the butter?"

The drummer had been unable to get anything, and during a brief interval of quiet he turned to the colored waiter and remarked, "Will the gentleman from Ethiopia please pass the bread?"

She Knew Him.

An architect remarked to a lady that he had been to see the great vase in the new church. The lady replied, "Don't mention names; I know the man you refer to!"

His Unlucky Days.

Seated in a row on the porch of an old country inn, with their chairs tipped back, some old cronies were going on about unlucky days. After all had given what they considered their unlucky days a quiet old chap at one end spoke up:

"An'tell me ye ma unlucky days. As a fund out in ma time that it's unlucky to be struck w'f leetling on a Monday, or to be caught w'f a circular saw on a Tuesday, or to tumble overboard on a Wednesday, or to be run over by a motor car on a Thursday, or lose a ten pun note on a Friday, or be bitten by a mad dog on a Saturday, and hev novt for dinner on the Sunday!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

WOMEN SUFFER

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? The cause may be easily traced to some feminine derangement which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, dragging sensations, flatulency, nervousness, and sleeplessness.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded, a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result. The best remedy for all these symptoms is

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RANGES

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